

Excellent Ballad of St. GEORGE for England,
and the King of Egypt's Daughter, whom he delivered from Death, and
how he slew a Monstrous Dragon, &c.
To the Tune of, Flying Fame, &c.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.



Of Hector's words did Homer sing,
Of the sack of Rately Troy,
What grief fair Hellen did them bring,
Which was *St. Paris* only joy:
And with my pen I must recite
St. Georges words, an English Knight:
Against the Saracens full rude
Fought he full long & many a Day,
Where many a Giant he subdued,
In honour of the Christian way;
And after many adventures past,
To Egypt Land he came at last.

And as the story plain doth tell,
Within that Country there did tell,
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore oppress,
Who by his poisoned breath each Day,
Did many of the City slay.

The Grief whereof did grow so great,
Throughout the Limits of the Land,
That they their wisemen did intreat,
To shew their cunning out of hand;
Which way they might this Dragon stop,
That did their Country so annoy.

The wisemen all before the King,
Stam'd this bitter inclement,
The Dragon none to death might bring,
By any means they could invent;
His skin more hard than bials was found,
That sword or spear could pierce or wound.

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteously,
The Dragons breath infected their blood,
That they each day in heaps did dye;
Amongst them such a Plague it bred,
The Living scarce could bury the Dead.

So means there was that they could find,
For to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
Whereby he might his fury swage;
Each Day he should a Maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the Wisemen found,
Which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round,
A Virgin pure of good Degree,
Was by the Kings Commission still,
Took up to serve the Dragons will.

Thus did the Dragon every Day
A Maiden of the town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
And none were left that present hour,
Saving the kings fair Daughter bright,
Her Fathers joy and hearts Delight.

Then came the Officers to the king,
This heavy Message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,
She is (quoth he) my Kingdoms Heir,
O let us all be poisoned here,
E'er she should dye that is my dear.

Then rose the People presently,
And to the king in rage they went,
Who said His Daughter dear should dye,
The Dragons fury to prevent;
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the Dragons prey.

And by their blood thou hast been blest,
And thou hast sav'd their life thereby,
And now in Justice it doth rest,
For us thy Daughter so should dye.
O save my Daughter, said the king,
And let me feel the Dragons sting.

Then fell fair *Dabine* on her knee,
And to her Father then did say,
O Father strive not thus for me,
But let me be the Dragons prey;
It may be for my sake alone,
This Plague upon the land was shown.

'Tis better I should die (she said)
Than all your subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work this spight;
And after he hath sucked my gore,
Your Land shall know the grief no more.
What hast thou done (my Daughter dear)
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault it shall appear,
Which makes the Gods our fate to grudge:
Thou ought I dye to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad men all the people cry'd,
Thy death to us can do no good,
Our safety only doth abide
To make thy Daughter Dragons food.
Lo here I am, O then (quoth she)
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay dear daughter, (quoth the Queen)
And as thou art a Virgin bright,
That hath for Vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white,
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An Ornament for Virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her Mothers mind,
Unto the Lake then did she go,
To which they did this Virgin bind;
And being bound to stake and thall,
She did farewell unto them all:

Farewel, dear Father, then (quoth she)
And my sweet Mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought or care for me,
For you may have another Child:
Here for my Countries good I dye,
Which I receive most willingly.

The King and Queen with all their train,
With weeping eyes then went their way,
And let their Daughter there remain,
To be the hungry Dragons prey:
But as she there did weeping lie,
Behold *St. George* came riding by:
And seeing there a Lady bright,
Fast tied to the stake that day,
Most like unto a Valiant Knight,
Straight unto her did take his way:
Tell me sweet Maiden, then quoth he,
What person thus abused thee?

And lo by Christ his blood I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my Lance upon his crest:
And speaking thus wheras he stood,
The Dragon issu'd out of the wood.

The Lady that did first see
The dreadful Dragon coming so,
Unto *St. George* aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go,
Here comes that ugly fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery Dragon soon esp'd,
And like a knight of Courage stout,
Against him he did fiercely ride:
And with such blows he did him greet,
That he fell under his horse's feet.

For with a Lance that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust it long,
The which could pierce no other place:
And there within this Lady's view,
This dreadful Dragon then he slew.

The labour of his poisoned breath,
Could do this Christian knight no harm;
Thus he did save this Lady from Death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when Ptolomy did see,
There was great Joy and Melody.

When as this famous knight St. George,
Had slain the Dragon in the field,
And brought the Lady to the Court,
Whose sight with joy their hearts then fill'd
He in the Egyptian Court then staid,
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

The Lady Sabine lov'd him well,
He counted her his only Joy,
But when their loves was open known
It prov'd St. Georges great annoy;
The Morrocco King was then in Court,
Who to the Orchard did resort.

Daily to take the pleasant air,
For pleasure sake he used to walk
Under the wall, whereas he heard
St. George with fair Sabrine talk;
Their loves he revealed to the King,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

These Kings together did devise
To make this Christian knight away,
With Letters him Ambassador,
They straightway sent to Persia,
And wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilty,
By such vile means they did devise
To work his Death most cruelly;
While he in Persia abode,
He straight destroy'd each idol-god.
VVhich being done he straight was hung
Into a Dungeon dark and deep;
But when he thought upon his wrong,
He bitterly began to weep;
Yet like a knight of Courage stout,
Forth of the Dungeon he got out.

And in the night three Horse-keepers
This valiant Knight by power slew,
Although he fasted many a day,
And then away from thence he flew,
On the best steed that Sophy had,
VVhich when he knew he was full sad.

Then into Christendom he came,
And met a Giant by the way,
VVith him in Combat he did fight,
Most valiantly a Summers day;
VVho yet for all his batts of steel,
VVas forc'd the sting of death to feel.

From Christendom this valiant knight,
Then with warlike Souldiers past,
Vowing upon that heathen Land,
To work revenge, which at the last
E'er thice three years was gone & spent,
He did unto his great content.

Save only Egypt land he spar'd,
For Sabine bright her only sake,
And e'er his rage he did suppress,
He meant a royal kind to make:
Ptolomy did know his strength in field,
And unto him did kindly yield.

Then he the Morrocco king did kill,
And took fair Sabine to his wife,
And afterwards contentedly
With her St. George did lead his life:
VVho by the virtue of a Chain,
Did still a Virgin pure remain.

To England then St. George did bring,
This Gallant Lady Sabine bright,
An Eunuch also came with him,
In whom the Lady did delight:
None but these three from Egypt came,
Now let me Print St. Georges Fame:

VVhen they were in the Forrest great,
The Lady did desire to rest:
And then St. George to kill a Deer
To feed thereon did think it best,
Left Sabine and the Eunuch there,
VVhile he did go and kill a Deer.

The mean time in his absence came
Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the Eunuch presently
In pieces small the truth to tell;
Down by the Lady then they laid,
VVhereby it seem'd she was a maid.

But when St. George from hunting came,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Yet for this lovely virgin pure
His courage stout he did advance:
And came within the Lyons sight,
VVho run at him with all their might.

But he being no whit dismayd,
But like a stout and valiant knight,
Did kill the hungry Lyons both,
Within the Lady Sabrines sight;
But all this while sad and demure
She stood there like a virgin pure.

But when St. George did truly know,
His Lady was a virgin true,
Those doleful thoughts that e'er was dumb
Began most firmly to renew:
He set her on a Palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where he arrived in short time
Unto his father's dwelling-place,
Where with his dearest Love he lived,
When Fortune did their Nuptials
They many years of Joy did see
And led their lives at Coventry.

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